

"AUTOMOBILING WITH PAY"



PLEASANT WORK—GOOD SALARIES

Chauffeurs and garage men in great demand. More cars sold in 1911, so far, than in any previous year, and 1912 models are now being delivered. Trained chauffeurs wanted. More than 100 men (including 18 regular members of Cincinnati Police Department) have completed our course this summer. Chauffeurs earn from \$80 to \$125 a month. Next 8 weeks' class starts soon. Write today for booklet, "Automobiling With Pay."

Y. M. C. A. AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL
10 WALNUT CINCINNATI, OHIO

God is closer to us than any trouble can be.

And He's Not Alone.
Howell—What do you think of him?
Powell—He has all of the eccentricities of genius without the genius.

Didn't Break It Around Her.
Ellis—Our friend, the pitcher, has a "glass arm."
Stella—I didn't notice it when he called on me last evening.

Folly of Vain Regrets.
The late John W. Gates, an incurable optimist, harped continually on the futility of pessimism. One of Mr. Gates' epigrams, still quoted on the Chicago Stock Exchange, ran:
"He who nurses foolish hopes may be an ass, but he is not such an ass as he who nurses vain regrets."

Masculine Anxiety.
Teddy's mother had been taken suddenly ill one morning while he was at school. On his return, he was admitted to his mother's room for a few minutes, and found his Aunt Alicia sitting by the bed.
"No, Teddy," said she, "mother has been very ill, and must not talk."
"O, my! I'm sorry, mother," gasped Teddy.

Mother smiled at him lovingly.
Master Teddy seated himself on a large chair directly opposite, and, after wriggling anxiously around for a minute or two, delivered himself of the speech:
"Mother dear—now don't try to speak—but if you mean yes, nod your head—this way—and if you mean no, shake your head—this way. Have you seen my baseball bat?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

HIS EXPERIENCES.



"Were you ever in love?"
"No. But I've known heaps of men that were."

Red Cross Christmas Seals.
The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis will this year for the first time be national agent for the sale of Red Cross seals in handling the sale of Red Cross seals. A new national office has been opened in Washington, and an initial order has been placed for 50,000,000 seals, although it is expected that double that number will be sold. The charge to local agents for the seals will be 12 1/2 per cent. of the gross proceeds, the national agent furnishing the seals and advertising material, and taking back all unsold seals at the end of the season. Postmaster General Hitchcock has approved of the design of the seal. Owing to the fact that many people last year used Red Cross seals for postage, the post office department has given orders that letters or packages bearing seals on the face will not be carried through the mails.

Easy Breakfast!

A bowl of crisp

Post Toasties

and cream—the thing's done!

Appetizing

Nourishing

Convenient

Ready to serve right out of the package.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

POETRY

of and by Our People

UNNAMED SAINT

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came.
Brought all he loved across the sea,
To live and work and adore God's will.
To live and work for God and me.
Felled the ungracious oak,
With horrid toll
Dragged from the soil
The three-headed roots and stubborn rock.
With plenty filled the haggard mountain-side,
And when his work was done, without memorial died.
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame;
He lived, he died, I do not know his name.
No form of bronze and no memorial stone
Show me the place where he lies moldering bones.
Only a cheerful city stands,
Only ten thousand homes,
Where every day
The cheerful trumpet sounds out his fame.
Of love and hope and courage comes,
These are his monuments, and these
There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone.

And I?
Is there some desert or some boundless sea,
Where thou, great God of angels, wilt send me?
Some oak for me to rend, some sod
Where I may plant my feet and stand,
Some handful of thy corn to take,
And scatter far and wide,
Till I in turn shall yield
Its hundredfold
Of grains of gold.
To feed the happy children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father of the sea,
Is it thine enterprise? Great God, send
And through this body lie where oceans flow,
Fathom me among All Faithful Souls!

—Edward Everett Hale.

THE OLD PLANTATION.

Way down South in Dixie land
Shines the sun today;
Memory sees through fleeting years
Little folks at play.
Catching crawfish in the pond
Overgrown with grasses,
Just behind the sugar house
Where the long road passes.
Silent is the engine room—
Bollers rusted over;
Still, the whistling governor bails—
But there, blooms the clover!
Little faces flushed and hot
Watch for crawfish shy;
Sunbonnets and pinafores
Very much awry!

Bees are humming; butterflies
Fit from bloom to bloom;
See, the great red crawfish comes
Slithering to the door.
Reaches out his long sharp claws—
Smells the tempting bait—
Seizes hold—ha, shouts of joy,
He has met his fate!
Fiercely claws and goggle eyes
Fixed the foe at bay.
While he swiftly down the bank
Backs and crawls away.
Eager little fingers then
Bait again with glee;
Never any crawfish yet
Quite so big as he!

Softly through the summer air
"Tut-tut-tut" is calling,
Breezes blow and white clouds drift.
Patience unavailing.
Weeders grow the little hands
Of line and fishing pole;
Leave the old red crawfish then
To sink within his hole!

—M. E. Buhler, in New York Times

THE GARDENER.

A gardener old, with eyes and senses keen,
Bent o'er his garden plot of springing green,
And tenderly each tiny shoot,
Each un-fledged leaf and struggling little root,
When suddenly he spied a strange small blade
Of which he knew not, and he quickly
A gaping hole the where its root had
been,
And found it o'er the wall among the green,
The days went by. In air and shower
The tiny blade a tall, slim stalk had
grown,
And finding its fair length with sunny
light,
A great gold lily opened to the sight.
The gardener, looking o'er the wall one
day,
Espied the thing which he had thrown
away.
And with a sigh and sad, regretful air,
"Its looks were wicked, but its soul was
fair."
"Tis true, thus, the flowers are tossed
aside,
The weeds remain. The gardeners in
pride
See not the future, only the today.
And throw the sweetest things of life
away."
—W. P. Steinhauser, in the Lutheran.

THREE ROSEBUDS RARE.

Pink rosebud, blushing through a mist
of dew,
Your subtle fragrance fills the morning
air.
And makes the day and all our lives
more fair.
My heart overflows with love, Mignon,
for you,
Pale, perfect bud, drooping with tender
grace,
Your snowy petals hide a heart of gold,
Which glows with splendor as your leaves
unfold.
Rest on my heart, it is your rightful
place.
Soft, crimson bud, who art the gift
of God,
The poet's ear may hear your fairy voice
Bidding the walking world once more re-
joice.
The nodding lilies and the emerald sod,
Oh, this fond heart of mine shall sweetly
rest on you.
With these three rosebuds, clasped close
my breast.
—Meta E. O'Connor.

HARVEST TIME IN DIXIE.

You bet of Dixie ain't forgotten—
Fields just fine with corn an' cotton;
Hoosier
For the harvest time in Dixie!
The birds are still, but the bells are
ringin'.
The harvest sets the wide world singin'.
"Hoosier!"
They say:
"For the harvest time in Dixie!"
Oh, bless yer stars an' reap yer money,
Take yer place an' swing yer honey;
Hoosier
Today
For the harvest time in Dixie!

UNFURL LIBERIAN FLAG

ENSIGN OF AFRICAN REPUBLIC
RAISED WITH ELABORATE CER-
EMONY AT LAUREL, MD.—DR.
ERNEST LYON SPEAKS.

Laurel, Md.—The Liberian ensign, representing the Lone Star on the west coast of Africa, was unfurled along with the raising of the Stars and Stripes on a tall pole erected here by the colored people of Laurel and Flag day was celebrated with enthusiasm. Dr. Ernest Lyon, former American minister to Liberia, and now Liberian consul general to this country, made the principal address. Other speakers were John H. Murphy of Baltimore, Dr. Stirling Brown of Washington, Rev. M. J. Naylor of Baltimore, Dr. Ernest Williams, Rev. V. N. H. Hughes and Rev. William Jenkins. There was a tournament.

In his address Dr. Lyon said:
"It is fitting on this occasion of unfurling Old Glory to the breeze that the emblem of the republic of Liberia should be hoisted by its side. Not only is the flag of Liberia similar in design to the American flag, but its history is inseparably connected with all things American. The stars and stripes of Liberia is a neglected infant of the Stars and Stripes of America, but we are elated over the fact that a reconciliation has begun which it is hoped will speedily work to the complete rehabilitation of Liberia."

"Liberia is not the only independent negro nationality in the world, neither is it the only English-speaking community on the west coast of Africa, but it is the only independent negro nationality of English speaking people in the world, and as such it undoubtedly occupies a unique position in the consideration of mankind."

"Although Liberia is a negro state, like Abyssinia, Hayti and the Dominican Republic, nevertheless its existence is quite distinct in its origin and history from these. Apart from the idea of an asylum for exiled Africans who desired to return to their fatherland, its mission, in the minds of the founders, was to extend Christianity and western civilization into Africa. Liberia was to be the entrance through which the beneficent influences of civilization and of the Christian religion were to pass, in the English language, to the millions of heathens in the interior. Its founding marked the awakening of Anglo-Saxon conscience; it showed concretely the penitence of a repenting people for the commission of a great wrong upon a weak and helpless race. Liberia was a compromise and was intended to solve, without the shedding of blood, one of the great problems of modern times."

"However, in the conflict of ideas and the clash of arms, God partially overruled the designs of his creatures, and consequently the plan of American colonization of Liberia simmered down and the country suffered. So desperate had the condition of Liberia become that the American government, reviewing the history of its settlement, long and despondently the founders, felt compelled to stretch a helping hand across the Atlantic, which will prove to be the salvation of this unique republic."

Dr. Lyon has received cable instructions, confirmed later by due course of mail, appointing him agent of the Donovan trust fund. The Donovan trust fund comprises a block of valuable business property in Baltimore belonging formerly to the Donovan estate. Mr. Donovan was a slave holder and became rich under the system. Many years after his death his widow, desiring to do something for the negroes, sold the property to the American Colonization Society, which in turn sold it to the Donovan trust fund. The fund was to be used for the benefit of the colored people of Liberia, and was to be managed by a committee of trustees.

PERFECTLY SIMPLE.

No apologies go with this. It is the invention of former Mayor Baxter of Baltimore, and he must take all responsibility for it.
"Why," asks Mr. Baxter, "is the prince of Wales like a baldheaded man, a monkey and an orphan?"
Well, there isn't any answer to a question like that, of course. Whereupon Mr. Baxter answers it himself, with every indication of enjoyment.
"The prince of Wales," he elucidates, "is the heir apparent. A baldheaded man has no hair apparent, the monkey has a hairy parent, and the orphan has nowhere a parent."
Comment would be superfluous.—Herbert Corey in Cincinnati Times-Star.

HOW FAR CAN YOU SEE?

What is the farthest limit to which the human eye can reach? Power in his book, "The Eye and Sight," gives the ability to see the star Alcor, situated at the tail of the Great Bear, as the test. Indeed, the Arabs call it the test star. It is most exceptional to be able to see Jupiter's satellites with the naked eye, though one or two cases are recorded, the third satellite being the most distinct. Peruvians are said to be the longest sighted race on earth. Humboldt records a case where these Indians perceived a human figure 18 miles away, being able to recognize that it was human and clad in white. This is probably the record for far sight.

EXPLAINED.

"Katie," said Mike, "if ye're after listening tonight and hearin' impossible whisper underneath your window, 'tis meself that's keepin' quiet."—Harper's Bazar.

THE SWEET THING.

Clara—He says he thinks I am the sweetest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?
Sarah—No, dear; let him keep on thinking so.

BUY SHEEP AND LAMBS NOW

But Don't Be a Sheep.

A COMMON EXPERIENCE.

Don't Follow the Crowd.

In chasing the market for profit, the fellows who blindly follow the crowd are generally the ones who get left. The successful man buys when he has the least competition, at the lowest prices and with the greatest margin for profit, which usually brings his selling time during a period of comparative scarcity at market, and he therefore gets higher prices and most always makes a good profit in his dealings.

Here's a Chance for Gain.

The present very low market value of feeding sheep and lambs, being less than the cost of production, offers such an opportunity to those who are prepared to properly care for them.

Feeders Are Selling Cheap.

Well-bred, thin but thrifty lambs of the Chicago market for \$2.25 to \$2.50 per 100 pounds; wethers of similar description, \$3.40 to \$3.75; yearling wethers, \$4.25 to \$4.50; yearling breeding ewes, \$4.00 to \$4.50, and good feeding ewes at \$2.50 to \$2.85. These prices are about \$1.75 lower than a year ago for feeder lambs, and the lowest since 1904. Feeder sheep prices also are unusually low.

Now Is the Time to Buy.

In view of the fact that prices of feeder sheep and lambs are now below the cost of production, and that present prices of lamb and mutton are out of line with all other meats and must therefore soon rise because of the increased consumption invited thereby, the conclusion is inevitable that now is the best time to buy feeder sheep and lambs for all those who are ready to prepare them for market during the early part of next year.

A leading sheep owner and dealer says: "Fat is made pretty cheap on the Fall feed that otherwise would be wasted, and the sheep and lamb feeding proposition from the standpoint of fertility is worthy of most careful consideration."

POSITIVE PROOF.



"How do I know that you really love me?" What assurance have I that you would be willing to make sacrifices and endure hardships for my sake?"
"What more can you ask? Haven't I for six months refrained from laying violent hands on your little brother?"

Unfortunate Man.

A tourist in the mountains of Tennessee once had dinner with a querulous old mountaineer who yarned about hard times for 15 minutes at a stretch. "Why, man," said the tourist, "you ought to be able to make a lot of money shipping green corn to the northern market. 'Yes, I orter,' was the sullen reply. 'You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed.' 'Yes, I guess so.' 'Then why don't you go into the speculation?' 'No use, stranger,' said the mountaineer. 'The old woman is too lazy to do the plowin' and plantin'."

Don't Be Embarrassed.

Nothing causes a person more embarrassment than the knowledge that some part of their attire needs apology. Why, then, to the most common and indispensable article of dress, as long as strong rosin soaps are used in the laundry, streaked washables are inevitable.

Hewitt's Easy Task—the original white laundry soap—is the best clean linen guarantee obtainable. Multiplied by women say so, and you'll agree after a trial. Ask your grocer. Five cents a cake.

A Great Grace.

It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasing to all and everyone willingly enjoys peace and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.—Thomas a Kempis.

TOMMY MURPHY.

The great horseman who is winning most of the big races for fast trotters with that famous "P. C." record 2:04 1/4, says: "SPOON'S DISTEMPER is the best remedy I have ever known. It cures all coughs and colds, and I have used it a number of years." All druggists or send to Tommy Murphy, 123 E. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Roman Gospel.

Munny (the village banker)—What do you suppose the young fellows in ancient Rome did to pass the time?
Phunny (the village philosopher)—Oh, I don't know. I suppose they used to hang around and talk about what a punk town Rome was.—Puck.

Ready for It.

"Young man, have you made any preparations for the rainy day?"
"Oh, yes," replied the son of the prominent millionaire. "In addition to my rubber, I have a corking good timepiece that will easily hold six girls."

Poverty hath its own reward. A poor man isn't asked to contribute to a campaign fund.

NEGRO FARM INSTITUTE MAKES GREAT SUCCESS

P. C. PARKS ELECTED DIRECTOR—FARMERS URGED TO IMPROVE THEIR METHODS OF WORK.

Atlanta, Ga.—The interest in negro farmers' institutes in Georgia culminated at Clark university by perfecting a permanent organization for perpetuating this important work.
P. C. Parks, who has done more than any other single man in the state to foster this beneficial institution, was unanimously elected director of the Georgia Colored Farmers' Institute, with authority to arrange for another meeting next summer.

Director Parks had on display attractive samples of the nine different grades of cotton which have become the recognized standards of cotton classification in the markets of the world.
The discussion of the grading of cotton developed many valuable points and a number of farmers offered remarks concerning the careful picking and storing of cotton so as to insure the highest market.

The wife of Warren Logan, the treasurer of Booker T. Washington's great institution at Tuskegee, Ala., urged those present to make a careful and painstaking study of the question of the cultivation and marketing of the great staple crop of the south in order that they should be in position to know positively the exact grade of cotton that their own product came under, and thus enable them to dictate to the buyer the price they expected to receive.

P. D. Johnson pleaded with the negroes to use greater foresight and to erect dry cotton houses on their farms, where the cotton could be stored after it came from the field, and said that it was far better to store the seed cotton for a few weeks in a clean place than to rush it to the gin as soon as it was picked. He also argued that too great haste had heretofore marked the harvesting of the crop and begged his audience to wait until the bolls were thoroughly ripe before they were picked; also to be sure to remove the chaff or trash before they deposited the lint in the basket.

Professor Johnson dwelt on the misery of the "negro-in-debt" and hoped the colored farmers would learn the lesson of frugality and common sense in order to escape from this great burden.
A. Bentley, an anti-beeism dandy, with snow white hair and a voice that readily lent itself to all the uses of oratory, made an address that sank deeply at the tendency of the new generation of negroes toward irresponsibility. He made a striking contrast between conditions as they existed before the war and as they exist today. His speech called to mind the eloquence that marked the earlier years of the last century, and his hearers gave vent to their approval by frequent outbursts of applause.

G. F. Hunnicutt, editor of the Southern Cultivator, made an address on "Growing What You Eat on the Farm," and stated that if the farmers of the south hoped to maintain a high price for cotton they must cease depending on every available acre of ground in this crop. In order to keep from buying every article of consumption at retail prices, the speaker said they must raise more corn, oats and hay and give greater attention to their gardens. He showed the enormous economic waste entailed by fertilizing and cultivating twenty acres of cotton when by fertilizing and cultivating only fifteen acres the farmer would get just as much cash for his crop and save the labor and fertilizer that applied on the extra five acres, while devoting those five acres to producing things now purchased for cash or on credit.

MEET AT PITTSBURG

KNIGHTS AND DAUGHTERS OF TABOR HOLD EIGHTH ANNUAL GRAND SESSION.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The annual grand session of the Knights and Daughters of Tabor, or International Order of Twelve, was held in this city at Continental hall, Center avenue. The International Order of Twelve is an interesting organization in view of the fact that its founder was a negro. The order was founded during the days of slavery of Moses Dixon. The association has grown until it has as its members some of the most prominent and best known women and men of the race.

Sir M. E. Merchant, of Columbus, O., is the grand chief of this division, and Sir S. A. Jordan, of Little Rock, Ark., is the international grand chief. Both were present at this important session. Sir H. S. Bates, of Ebenezer Baptist church choir, of which the Rev. W. W. Brown is pastor, is an active member.

In speaking of the society one of the prominent members said:

"There is no possibility of any of the white associations entering law suits restraining us from using their signs, emblems and regalia, for everything we are using is the product of negro brains."

Better to have fished and lied than never baited hook at all.

CLARK VISITS WASHINGTON.

Northport, N. Y.—Reed Paige Clark, the new received general and customs adviser appointed by President Taft for Liberia, spent a day this week in consultation with Booker T. Washington regarding Liberian matters. Mr. Clark is much interested in the new work and wants to get all the information he can that will enable him to do the best work when he gets to Liberia.

WHEN CUPID WAS OFF DUTY

Lover's Bad Cold That Led to Most Unfortunate Misunderstanding With Girl.

Sweet was the lass, low was the gas; it was the evening she expected him to put across the big question. He did not look well. Something seemed to be troubling him. He tried to say something, but the words stuck in his throat, and the girl, noticing this, turned the gas even lower. Suddenly he turned to her and cried, "I'm a dub!"

"No," she said, fondly. "You don't appreciate yourself as well as some others do, perhaps. Tee hee!"

"Yes," he persisted stubbornly, "I'm a dub!"

"No," she maintained.

"Yes," he almost shouted. "I'm a dub!"

She was a sensible girl, and so, realizing that he ought to know best, she thanked him kindly for warning her in time and handed him his hat. It was only after the door slammed behind him forever that she realized the awful truth.

He had contracted a nasty cold, and what he had been trying to say was, "I'm in love!"

HANDS BURNED LIKE FIRE

"I can truthfully say Cuticura Remedies have cured me of four long years of eczema. About four years ago I noticed some little pimples coming on my little finger, and not giving it any attention, it soon became worse and spread all over my hands. If I would have them in water for a long time, they would burn like fire and large cracks would come. I could lay a pin in them. After using all the salves I could think of, I went to three different doctors, but all did me no good. The only relief I got was scratching."

"So after hearing so much about the wonderful Cuticura Remedies, I purchased one complete set, and after using them three days my hands were much better. Today my hands are entirely well, one set being all I used." (Signed) Miss Etta Narber, R. F. D. 2, Spring Lake, Mich., Sept. 26, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 2, Boston.

Only a Mouse.

"The modern woman isn't a bluff," asserted Mrs. Gobblin, looking up from her newspaper. "This suffrage movement is more in it than move ideals. The new woman is brave and fearless. Here is a story of a woman up in Canada who killed a mouse. It seems that she—"
"Impossible!" interjected Mr. Gobblin. "There must be some mistake—read it again."
Mrs. Gobblin searched out the paragraph and then, blushed vividly. "How stupid of me," she stammered. "I did make a mistake. It wasn't a mouse she killed—Nothing but a mouse."

Pictures That Please.

Every once in a while you read about some picture selling for many thousands of dollars, but you can secure a beautiful reproduction of some of the world's masterpieces, ready for framing, absolutely free, by sending the Hewitt Brothers' Soap Company, Dayton, Ohio, a two-cent stamp and twenty-five wrappers from Hewitt's Easy Task, the pure, clean, original white laundry soap.

Not All Smoked.

L. White Busbey, secretary to former Speaker Cannon, was explaining that the speaker did not smoke so much as people thought he did.
"My understanding," suggested one of the party, "is that he gets away with about 20 cigars a day."
"Oh, well," said Busbey, "but he eats half of 'em."—Sunday Magazine.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Play It or Raise It!

A German composer has written an alto-soprano piece of music called "Hell." There will be any number of people in this country able to play it at a glance.—Houston Post.

The Pure Food Law stopped the sale of hundreds of fraudulent medicines.

The Pure Food Law stopped the sale of hundreds of fraudulent medicines. They could not stand investigation. Hamlin Wizard Oil has stood the test of investigation for nearly sixty years.

If a man smokes in the house and his wife is afraid her curtains will be ruined, he should be obliged to take them down.

Sunshine is worth more than gold, when it is real sunshine and not fire.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

settling, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind-colic, etc. a bottle.

It's one kind of tough luck to strike oil when boring for water.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

WOMEN wear W.L. Douglas stylish, perfect fitting, easy walking boots, because they give long wear, same as W.L. Douglas Men's shoes.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The workmanship which has made W.L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W.L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make for the price.

CAUTION

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom.

If you cannot obtain W. L. Douglas shoes in your town, write for catalog, shoes sent direct from factory to wearer. All charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 State St., Brockton, Mass.

ONE PAIR of my BOYS' \$2.50 or \$3.00 SHOES will positively outwear TWO PAIRS of ordinary boys' shoes.



Cement Talk No. 7

Newspapers print nearly every day the story of some fire disaster involving the complete destruction of great property values and sometimes the loss of human lives.

The annual fire losses of the United States are measured by the millions; in fact, it is stated that over two hundred and fifty million dollars worth of property was wiped out by fire in the United States last year. While it is true that the precautions to prevent fire and fighting systems are often inadequate, the main trouble lies in flimsy, non-fireproof building construction. Experience has